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THE DAYTONA DAILY NEWS.

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ADDITIONAL TRAIN SERVICE.

Four New Trains to be Operated by Florida East Coast Railway on January 9th.—Winter Schedule.

Commencing January 9th, four additional trains will be placed in operation over the Florida East Coast Railway. This is done in order to give passengers the benefit of a more convenient schedule. Everyone will be helped in some degree by the more complete schedule, because with the advent of it the four-ists will pour into the State, and every channel of trade will be benefited. The new schedule will be as follows:

No. 99—Buffet sleeper and drawing room car carrying a baggage car, mail, and smoking car, will leave Jacksonville

A Poem for Today

THOMPSON OF ANGEL'S
By Bret Harte

Tis the story of Thompson—of Thompson, the hero of Angel's. Frequently drunk was Thompson, but always polite to the stranger; Light and free was the touch of Thompson upon his revolver; Great the mortality incident on that lightness and freedom.

Yet not happy or gay was Thompson, the hero of Angel's; Often spoke to himself in accents of anguish and sorrow: "Why do I make the graves of the frivolous youth who in folly Thoughtlessly passing revolver, forgetting its lightness and freedom?"

"Why in my daily walks does the surgeon drop his left eyelid. The undertaker smile and the sculptor of gravestone marbles Lean on his chisel and gaze? I care not o'ermuch for attention; Simple am I in my ways, save for this lightness of freedom."

So spake that pensive man—this Thompson, the hero of Angel's; Bitterly smiled to himself as he strode through the chaparral musing "Why, oh, why?" echoed the pines in the dark olive depth far resounding "Why, indeed?" whispered the sagebrush that bent 'neath his feet, none elastic.

Pleasant indeed was that morn that dawned o'er the barroom at Angel's. Where in their manhood's prime was gathered the pride of the hamlet. Six "took sugar in their," and nine to the barkeeper lightly Smiled as they said, "Well, Jim, you can give us our regular fusel."

Suddenly as the gray hawk swoops down on the barnyard, alighting Where, pensively picking their corn, the favorite pullets are gathered, So in that festive barroom dropped Thompson, the hero of Angel's, Grasping his weapon dread with his pristine lightness and freedom.

Never a word he spoke; divesting himself of his garments, Danced the war dance of the playful yet truculent Modor, Uttered a single whoop, and then in the accents of challenge Spake, "Oh, behold in me a Crested Jay Hawk of the mountain!"

Then rose a pallid man—a man sick with fever and ague; Small was he, and his step was tremulous, weak and uncertain; Slowly a Derringer drew and covered the person of Thompson; Said in his feeblest pipe, "I'm a Baldheaded Snipe of the Valley."

As on its native plains the kangaroo, startled by hunters, Leaps with successive bounds and hurries away to the thickets, So leaped the Crested Hawk and, quietly hopping behind him, Han and occasionally shot that Baldheaded Snipe of the Valley.

Vain at the festive bar still lingered the people of Angel's, Hearing afar in the woods the potent pop of the pistol; Never again returned the Crested Hawk of the mountains; Never again was seen the Baldheaded Snipe of the Valley.

Yet in the hamlet of Angel's, when truculent speeches are uttered, When bloodshed and life alone will atone for some trifling misstatement, Maidens and men in their prime recall the last hero of Angel's, Think of and vainly regret the Baldheaded Snipe of the Valley!

Start the New Year Right.

Subscribe for THE DAILY NEWS and you will be Right all the year. Only 15 cents a week delivered at your door by carrier every evening.

P. J. DOYLE BUYS BUILDING.

The Graham Thompson Structure on Beach Street Sold for \$4,500. Improvements to be Made.

P. J. Doyle, of Coney Island, has purchased the Graham Thompson Building, on Beach Street. Consideration, \$4,500. Smith & Thomas transacted the deal.

Mr. Doyle intends to make extensive improvements in the building and will raise it a story. The lower portion will be made of stone. The first and second stories will be made up into a suite of rooms with all modern improvements, etc. The changes will cost about \$2,000.

daily at 8:20 p. m., arriving in Daytona at 11:50 p. m.; in Miami at 8:30 o'clock the following morning

No. 23—A parlor car train will leave Jacksonville daily at 8:00 a. m., arriving at 11:20 in Miami 7:25 o'clock in the evening. The train will make only important stops.

No. 74—Will leave Miami daily at 8:15 a. m., arriving in Daytona at 4:18 p. m., in Jacksonville at 7:40 p. m. This is a parlor car train and will make only important stops.

No. 98—Will leave Miami daily at 8:40 p. m., arriving in Daytona the following morning at 5:12 a. m., and in Jacksonville at 8:40 a. m. This train will make only important stops.

Take The Daily News

If you want to take a paper devoted particularly to the interest of Daytona, subscribe for The Daily News.

The purpose of the paper is to print all the news, and to this end we must have the assistance of some of our friends. So when you know of anything of a newsy nature, tell it to our reporter.

The carrier service is a quick and convenient way for the transmission of the papers to our patrons, and every one is, in this manner, able to get the paper at the remotest points of the town between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The price by carrier is 15 cents per week.

*A few select, furnished rooms; house heated and all modern conveniences; 15 Palmetto Avenue, next door north of Catholic Church. 27-4t

PURE FOOD EXPOSITION.

Opened in Jacksonville Last Night Under Favorable Auspices.—Gov. Broward Delivers Address.

The doors of the Pure Food Exposition opened in Jacksonville last evening at 7 o'clock, and at 8 o'clock the exercises began.

Hon. George M. Nolan, Mayor of Jacksonville, made the opening address, and several other speeches were made by officers of the exposition. Gov. Napoleon B. Broward delivered a fine address on the resources of Florida.

Wednesday night, Manager Buckley, of the exposition, tendered a reception to the committees on opening ceremonies and the representatives of the press, which proved a most enjoyable affair. A vaudeville performance was given in the northeast corner of the building.

The exposition will continue until the 20th inst.

Tampa day is January 17th, and it is thought that hundreds of Tampanites will visit the exposition.

Everglade Coming.

Henry Gardiner, assistant engineer of the houseboat Everglade, is in Daytona for a few days. The Everglade, which spent a portion of last season here, is in St. Augustine and will arrive in Daytona about the 18th inst., in time for Col. R. M. Thompson, the owner, to see the automobile races. He is a Wall Street broker and has a number of friends in this city.

The Everglade is 118 feet long and is a modern houseboat in every respect.

School Board.

The Board of Public Instruction of Volusia County met early in the week, at DeLand, with a full Board present.

The principal business was to grant to the City Council of Seabreeze, the permission to erect a building for a City Hall, on the northeast corner of the school lot, said building to be removed on thirty days notice from the Board.

The treasurer reported funds on hand amounting to \$2,500.

SEABREEZE NEWS NOTES.

News Notes and Personals Pertaining to People on the Peninsula.—Improvements and Other Items.

Frank T. Williams and family, have returned from a visit to relatives at Punta Gorda.

M. B. Aultman expects to open his store in the Charendon within a few days. W. H. Posser, of DeLand, will be in charge.

John Bianchi has purchased a launch at McDonald's boat yard. He is having the boat refitted and furnished. The boat has a seating capacity of fourteen, and has been christened the Bianchi, of New York.

P. F. Olds, father of R. E. Olds, the automobile manufacturer, has leased one of the Blakeslie cottages, on Oak Ridge Boulevard. R. E. Olds and family will arrive here by the fifteenth, and will later go on a trip to Cuba. Their little daughter will be left with her grand-parents.

A new system of plumbing has recently been completed in the Seminole Lodge.

Buggett & Post have sold a lot on Glenview Boulevard, to Miss Eleanor Beckman. It is the intention of the purchaser to improve the lot.

Miss Florence Crocker and Miss H. Estes, of the faculty at Rollins College, after spending their vacation at Seabreeze, have returned to Winter Park. J. Clyde Power, who spent the past week here with his family, has returned to Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Whitfield, have arrived here from Paris, France, and are located at their home on Valley Street.

P. G. Perry has returned from a trip South, and is stopping at The Colonades.

Mrs. Meyers and her daughter, Miss Emily Meyers, have arrived from Nashville, and are occupying one of Miss Beckman's cottages on the beach.

Henry Poyser, of Washington, D. C., representing the Southern Printers Supply Company, spent several days here this week.

*Get your auto numbers of Pettepher. The new law requires that all machines be numbered. Stock on hand. 1f

A MEETING ON TUESDAY.

Lewis and Kitchens Representative Will Explain the Advantages of the Waterworks System.


Fred T. Smith, representing Lewis & Kitchens of Chicago, will arrive here Tuesday, and in the afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, a meeting will be held, at which time members of the City Council, Board of Trade, and citizens generally will participate. Mr. Smith will explain their system of sewerage and waterworks.

Some weeks ago he appeared before the Council, and members of that body are thoroughly conversant with the system. President Harris of the council said today that he wanted to have every citizen present, so that they could see the advantages of the system.

A Poem for Today

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS
By Clement Clarke Moore

TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house, Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse; The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there; The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads; And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap— Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap— When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter. Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash. The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow Gave a lustre of midday to objects below; When, what to my wondering eyes should appear, But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer, With a little old driver so lively and quick I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick. More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled and shouted and called them by name: "Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen! On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blitzen! To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall! Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!" As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly, When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky, So up to the housetop the coursers they flew, With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too. And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof The prancing and pawing of each little hoof. As I drew in my head and was turning around Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound. He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot; A bundle of toys he had flung on his back, And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack. His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry! His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry; His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow, And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow. The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the smoke it circled his head like a wreath. He had a broad face and a little round belly That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly. He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf; And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself. A wink of his eye and a twist of his head Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread. He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk, And laying his finger aside of his nose And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose. He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, And away they all flew like the down of a thistle. But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight, "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"



SHOES FOR THE LADIES

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South Beach Street, Daytona, Florida.

